

The Repair Shop for Human Lives

JOHN W. MACDONALD

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John L. McDonald

THE REPAIR SHOP FOR HUMAN LIVES

A descriptive narrative of the
advance in Rescue Mission
Work, with a number of sto-
ries of men who came back.



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John W. McDonald

THE REPAIR SHOP FOR HUMAN LIVES

JOHN W. MACDONALD

Foreword by
PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



ASSOCIATION PRESS

NEW YORK: 347 MADISON AVE.

1926

109185

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THE GENERAL BOARD

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

Printed in the United States of America

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS
GENERAL BOARD
NEW YORK

FOREWORD

By PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

IN "THE REPAIR SHOP FOR HUMAN LIVES" John Macdonald writes from years of experience and of observation. His book is not the utterance of a pious wish or an ardent hope. It is the historical record of facts. It is an account of certain men who have been changed from a condition worse than worthless into a state of decency and usefulness. The author sees and mentions the chief objections to city missionary work. He realizes the difficulties, the obstacles, the discouragements; but he happens to know of many completely successful cases.

The Christian religion puts the individual first; it stresses the supreme importance of personality, and regards every human soul (and body) as worth saving. Thus this book is not a treatise on theology or religion or morality; it is not a contribution to sociology. It is a vivid and dramatic account of individual men, concrete instances—who they were, how they behaved, and what this kind of missionary effort has done for them.

Yale University,
19 February, 1926.

IN writing this book the author has aimed at brevity. There is no long matter to wade through. Description and narrative have been condensed to the briefest compass.

For various reasons full names have been omitted in the stories, but the writer will be delighted to put interested inquirers in touch with the originals.

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THE BROAD ROAD

THE old-time Rescue Mission, usually some vacated dance hall or gin mill in the downtown slums, is fast disappearing, and into its place is coming a modern mission work, that does a real constructive job amongst poor unfortunates.

It was a fine thing to preach the word of God to the drunkard, the dope addict, and the broken in health and spirit, but the American Christian of today is beginning to feel that some other things are necessary so that a man may have a real chance to come back. Therefore have come into life in some cities workman-like buildings with up-to-date equipment, common-sense methods, and a business-like plan of helping men to help themselves.

The freight train has given way to the auto as a means of free transportation, and largely because of this easy way of travel there has been a large increase in the number of transient men, most of them under 30 years of age, who move around the country, some willing to work, others rather indifferent to their responsibilities, all needing help, but seldom getting the brand that helps them to help themselves. Old rounders tip off the

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greenhorns as to the location of missions, Salvation Army branches, American Legion Posts, etc., where a fellow can get by for a night or a week, and it is startling to observe how mere boys become so attached to this life that in a year or so they drift along, shiftless wanderers, slowly becoming inoculated with the things that drag down to the slums, the work house, and the potter's field.

Some folks explain the crime wave among young men as an aftermath of the Great War and, while some of this may be true, we must admit that the Sunday School boy of twenty years ago, who went to church with father and mother and spent his Sabbath evening in the front parlor or the country lane, has found a new thrill, and today in the evening of the Lord's day we find him gloating over sensational moving pictures and drinking in the wild stories of French Apaches, jazz hounds, cake eaters, safe crackers, and half-naked women. Surely, the church has lost its pull, the Sabbath day its sacredness, and the moving pictures their boasted censorship.

We were promised after the eighteenth amendment went into force that Rescue Missions would shut up shop, but bootleg gin, hard cider, white mule, smoke, and an awful combination of prune

THE BROAD ROAD

juice, rotten apples, boiled denatured alcohol, etc., not to mention an ever-increasing sale of drugs, continue to work havoc in the lives of men. Police courts and jails are crowded with law breakers and all over our broad land poor sin-crippled mortals turn to the Rescue Mission as their only Hope.

THE KINGDOM FIRST

REFORMING, signing pledges, new friends, and resolutions do not change men's lives. (The writer tried them all, and should have some right to express an opinion.) Therefore, any agency or organization that plans to help men must have a very practical program, a definite Gospel platform, a message easy to understand. All doctrines, isms, cults, and even denominational differences should be avoided. Nothing saves a sinner but faith. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and be sure you seek the kingdom first. Some men change the verse around and seek first the loaves and fishes.

Most of our spiritual leaders are agreed that crime is on the increase, and the Church stands aghast, nearly helpless to stem the sin tide. Here is a question we must face, Has the Gospel lost its power, or have its representatives become less effective? I am inclined to believe that we don't pray enough and that the Bible is not so prominent as in bygone days. The cheap sensational magazine and the trashy novel have pushed the old Book into the garret trunk.

THE KINGDOM FIRST

We are told that the Bible is the best-selling book in the world, but conditions today would hardly justify the thought that it is the best-read book. To obtain any real help from it one must understand it. This usually comes after conversion, and getting men converted is the first duty of a Rescue Mission, as the mission of a Rescue Mission is to preach the Gospel by the written word, and personal testimony to the unsaved, young and old, rich and poor, black or white, indoors and outdoors, jail or hospital, anywhere at anytime.

The Rescue Mission is a place where lives are transformed by the power of God. It is the repair shop for the Christian church. A Rescue Mission is crippled in its effectiveness if forced to operate in cramped, unsuitable quarters. It is worthy of the best location, the best equipment, and the best effort of any community. It is of more importance than a bank, a ship yard, an auto factory, or any commercial enterprise. It is God's workshop, where lives battered and broken by sin are renewed and restored by the power of His Might. It should not be sidetracked or belittled.

If love is the greatest thing in the world, then the Rescue Mission is **that**. It is everything that Christianity stands for. It is the kingdom first,

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then food, shelter, employment, clothes, fellowship, and any other thing necessary to do a constructive work in the life of a man, woman, or child. It is the work that Jesus began, that the disciples carried on, that has been handed down to us through the ages.

HELPING MEN TO HELP THEM- SELVES

THAT tragic spectacle that was a blot on humanity—the bread line, with all its degrading influences, its humiliations, its killing of self-respect—has gone, but there still remains a question in the minds of some as to the best methods of feeding homeless and transient men. Handing out meals indiscriminately to all and sundry, without any effort to determine a man's worthiness, is, to the writer, one of the questionable methods, and before any great number of meals are provided it might be advisable to find out, by some kind of work test, how worthy a man is.

A plan that has been very successfully worked out in some of our cities is to feed men three times daily on a trust system, with the understanding that they repay when they find work or work is found for them. The meals themselves need not be anything elaborate. They can be rated at 10 cents and the menu consists of—Breakfast: crullers and coffee. Dinner: soup or stew, bread and coffee. Supper: hash, stew or beans, bread and coffee.

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Some agencies that have tried this plan find that two-thirds of the meals are ultimately paid for.

I am quite sure that none of our city fathers had any idea when they were planning our squares and parks that the benches daily occupied by the nurse maid, the student, and the tired shopper would be converted at night into the only bed possible for some poor, ragged, homeless wanderer; yet such is the case and we face another problem.

The Rescue Mission that is fully equipped does away with the necessity of this heart-rending spectacle. A hot shower, a clean night shirt, clothing fumigated when necessary, and a comfortable cot bed are conducive to rest of the body and, coupled with the meals already spoken of, mean something of a real chance to poor unfortunates.

An employment department is a fine asset to the modern Rescue Mission. Odd and permanent jobs mean an opportunity of repaying meals and beds trusted, and are helpful in maintaining a man's self-respect.

One thing that keeps some men out of work is soiled underwear. A poor unfortunate may be reduced to one shirt, and that so dirty that if employment is offered he feels embarrassed and turns down the chance. Some Missions have solved this problem by offering to wash, dry, and mangle a

HELPING MEN TO HELP THEMSELVES

man's undergarments in 90 minutes free and, while they are doing so, supply him with needles and thread for mending, a razor, soap and brush for shaving, and a hot shower. This is a real clean-up and a splendid Christian service. If any constructive work is to be accomplished, the good work begun must be continued.

Something entirely overlooked in old-time Missions was the matter of a man's health. All kinds of dire results come about because men are allowed to roam around the country suffering from tuberculosis and skin and other contagious diseases. Much of this can be avoided by a careful scrutiny of the body when bathing, and Mission clinics nightly or weekly are very helpful, where penniless men can be given free examination and medicine dispensed gratis when necessary.

THE COME BACK

FOLLOW-UP work is of great importance and a constant contact is necessary if men are to be won for God. The come back is a slow grind, and Rescue Mission workers, to be effective, must be everlastingly on the job. The poor fellow who has just started in the Christian life, whose faith is less than a grain of mustard seed, must be watched over and cared for like a newborn babe. Temptation is ever with him and he needs cheerful fellowship, kindly advice, the word spoken in season, and earnest prayers to keep him on the upward way.

Very few of the men who come to Rescue Missions know the value of thrift, and teaching a man to save a little money has a very important place in the reconstruction plan. With careful guidance he soon gets the habit, and a bank book with a rising barometer is always something of an inducement to keep going.

Apart from the food, shelter, employment, laundry, and medical advice spoken of in the foregoing chapter, it is my belief that no Rescue Mission is fully effective unless it has a strong group of soundly converted men working together. This belief led to the idea of the Converts' Club. The

THE COME BACK

first club was formed over ten years ago, when a few men who had taken a definite stand for God in an American Mission got together and set a great work going.

This club rapidly increased in membership and has as its principal activities personal work, church visitation, Gospel car meetings, evangelistic services, and social events.

A second and a third Converts' Club have since come into life and the plan seems likely to spread far afield. Converts' Clubs provide the necessary and often lacking fellowship and encouragement to the man who has just started in the Christian life. They also give an unusual opportunity to develop personal workers, leaders, and platform men, who are not too plentiful in any line of Christian work.

When a work of grace has really been performed in the life of a man, irrespective of his denomination, the Mission should point him to his church. It is the clinching proof that our Rescue Missions do a real work when they are able to snatch a man that is nearly lost, back from the very brink of everlasting disaster, and, through God's plan of salvation supported by a very practical program, transform his life and put him back into church membership and useful citizenship.

There has been a rapid growth in Rescue Mission

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work since the formation of the International Union of Gospel Missions, some twelve years ago. This body now has organized districts all over America and Canada, and at its last annual convention outlined a plan for six Field Secretaries, their duty being to encourage Mission work in cities where there is need of it.

It is no thought of the writer to belittle foreign mission work, but amidst the calls from China, India, and Africa don't let us forget the broken lives at home, and the heroic, consecrated band of workers who pray, give, and labor in the Repair Shop for Human Lives.

BUILDING OF BRICK IN A CITY STREET

BUILDING of brick in a city street,
Founded through knowledge of God's great
plan,

Doors open wide to the poor and weak,
Beacon of light to a soul-sick man.

Fingers of service and arms of love,
Guiding men out from the ways of sin,
Feeding and sheltering all who come,
Clothing and cleansing, without, within.

Haven of rest for the tired and worn,
Many have entered who sin no more;
Building of brick in a city street,
Grateful am I for your open door.

John W. Macdonald.

MOST of us have forgotten all about Jerry McAuley's conversion and the splendid work he and Sam Hadley did amongst fallen men. Yet in these modern days the wonderful work of rescue goes on and even greater manifestations of God's power are being given to us daily. "Verily, verily I say unto you he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do" (John 14: 12). And so the Lord, faithful to his promise, uses consecrated men and women wherever and whenever they can be used, and because of this we reach into the vaults of memory for a wee while and tell anew some astounding stories of the power that is able to save from the uttermost to the uttermost.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

HE HAD been dumped off, to use his slang expression—that is, the truck driver had told him he was not going any further, and so he was directed to our Mission that night for shelter. It was meeting time when he shambled in and sat down. I can see him yet, his poor trembling body hunched up on the end seat, his pallid face and sunken eyes telling out the old story of a broken life.

Towards the end of the service he seemed to be interested as man after man stood up and told of a new life, and when the invitation for prayer came along, he knelt down with some others and sobbed out a request to God for forgiveness.

The next morning some odd work was found for him, and because of his willingness other jobs followed. He looked forward to the meetings at night, joined heartily in the song service, and always had a word of gratitude to our Father.

Gradually, bit by bit, the past was revealed. What a splendid background he had had at the beginning—fine Christian home, Sunday School boy, member of the church choir, clean young manhood, and then the desire to see the world. Backward and forward he had gone across the

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

seas, holding all kinds of positions on the great liners.

Strong drink and its consequent evils began to grip into his life, and then the time came when he was barred as a steamship worker. Then began the awful life in our modern Babylon: decoy for houses of ill fame and gambling resorts, guide to sightseeing parties as they toured the underworld, cook and dishwasher in the cheap downtown restaurants, saloon porter, his wages free lunch and 5-cent booze. A drunken failure and a homeless wanderer. And then one day, hardly knowing where he was going, he begged a ride from a truck driver leaving the great city and at the end of the ride he had come our way.

As the months came and went, he grew stronger in grace. We gave him a position on the staff, and by the second year he had saved enough money to visit his relatives in England. This prodigal son went home a new man in Christ Jesus, and what a welcome awaited him!

After a very happy time with the home folks he returned and took up his duties again, and then one day, in the following year when we had returned from vacation, we stepped into the Mission chapel and looked into the face of H. Y. The body that lay there in the casket was the one

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that we remembered so well. The willing hands were folded on his breast and a sweet smile that God had made rested on his face, but his soul had gone home to the mansion prepared for it. The power of God had rescued him out of the depths.

WHAT THE LAW COULD NOT DO

TO USE his own expression, he was "dragged up" on the river front, handicapped and besmirched by dreadful surroundings. Slowly but surely he was drawn into the cesspool of New York's Tenderloin, where he soon became known as a successful crook. Success in this case was just the beginning of disaster, for by the time he had reached the age of 33 he had spent thirteen and one-half years in the prisons of the state.

On his release after his last term, he tried reforming and through the good offices of a former judge of the Supreme Court, who was acquainted with his past, secured a position as house detective in a New York City hotel. The judge may have theorized that "It takes a thief to catch a thief."

The reforming experiment went along for four or five years. He got enough money together to purchase a bakery and lunch room on the West Side of New York, and everything went along as merry as wedding bells. And then the sin that so easily beset him began to take its toll. Whisky with all its damning effects got a real grip on his life and he realized that he was a drunkard.

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For two years he and those that loved him tried everything to shake it off. Change of environment, cures, sanitoriums, three awful trips to the alcoholic ward, with no avail. He lost the respect of his old friends and drifted down a human derelict, aimlessly and hopelessly on the tide of life.

But just as the driftwood in any tide is cast upon the shore, he found himself one Sunday night in a little Rescue Mission just off the Bowery listening to the story of God's love and his unspeakable gift to the world. Again that word that does not return void performed a great miracle in his life, and slowly but surely he came to himself. Then see what happened: A crook became an honest man; a drunkard became a sober man; a wanderer became a Rescue Mission superintendent.

MAC'S REDEMPTION

IT WAS a blistering hot Saturday afternoon in August, when Mac and his companion staggered down the gang plank of a steamer that had just pulled into a New England port. To say that both were drunk would be a mild way of putting it—in fact, their only anxiety on this particular day was to get enough whisky to keep them drunk.

As the afternoon wore into evening, the money they had was spent in the wide-open dives on the water front. About eight o'clock Mac's friend suggested that they visit the "Stem" (Main Street) and "panhandle" (beg) some money for their "flop" (bed). There were quite a lot of things that Mac had done in the past that he was not particularly proud of, but begging money on the street was asking a little too much, and after a wordy warfare they parted, his friend heading for the "Stem," and Mac staggering up a little side street.

He had only gone a few steps, however, when the glare from a lighted doorway and the sound of singing arrested his attention. Because he was desperately weary in body, he resolved to go inside and sit down awhile. As is usually the case

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in Missions, the only vacant chairs were near the platform, and after some more songs had been sung a fine strapping fellow read some very familiar scripture and then told of coming into that same city in a freight car with 10 cents in his pocket, homeless, jobless, and friendless. He went on to say that his extremity was God's opportunity and that about eighteen months previously he had knelt down at the close of a meeting in that same hall and asked God's forgiveness.

He wasn't much of a speaker, but the simple sincerity of what he said struck home and Mac realized for the first time that God could, indeed, work a great miracle in the life of a man if he so willed it.

With this realization came a great panoramic memory of the past; his childhood days in the little summer cottage in Scotland; father and mother, brothers and sisters, school, church, the football field; young manhood, military service; the passing of Dad, and then the death of his mother, strong drink getting its first grip on him; Canada, good positions lost through intemperance; mill towns and lumber camps, with more failures; America, a determined effort to straighten out; more good positions, more bitter

MAC'S REDEMPTION

experiences, then the slow descent to the Bowery of New York and its hellish environment.

For five years he had literally crawled through this sewer of iniquity—its cheap lodging houses, where one had to be either drunk or drugged to get any sleep, the night hours in them filled with ghostly figures, petty thievery from unconscious sleepers, the flare of candles where morphine fiends and snow birds plied their awful practices, the verminous beds, and again the streets or saloon back room. The nights when he had fought with the threatening delirium tremens, the park benches, the free lunch, the intermittent working spells, the many futile struggles to get back on his feet—and then one morning he and his friend had boarded a steamboat, with a wild desire to get away from it all—and then this man's story backed up with the words of others in that meeting brought conviction and he knelt at an old battered bench and faltered out a request to God for forgiveness.

The awful effects of alcohol had made such inroads into this poor fellow's body that sound sleep was out of the question for many nights. Solid food would not stay in his stomach, and yet he put up a terrific fight to keep his promise to God,

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that he would trust him no matter what happened.

Work was at a premium in that city and so, rather than be an object of charity, he slaved in the Mission wood yard for 50 cents a day, just enough to keep body and soul together. He cleaned windows and shook rugs at 20 cents an hour and after three months landed the much looked for permanent work. It was a truck helper's job with a furniture concern, and the hard work helped to build up his physical condition again.

Two years with this concern brought very little advancement. He stuck close to the Mission, organized the Men's Club, helped in the meetings, became superintendent of the Sunday School, and married a good Christian girl. Then war days opened doors of opportunity for better service. He joined the military guard of a munitions plant, went inside as inspector, was promoted to foreman inspector and then supervising inspector. After the Armistice was signed, he took over the position of financial secretary for the Mission where he had taken his stand for God.

In a short time he was assistant superintendent and then colleague in the work. Because of his exceptional ability, positions in similar works

MAC'S REDEMPTION

were offered to him in other cities. The one that he finally accepted was the superintendency of perhaps the most unique Rescue work in America, in so much that it is run under the direct auspices of a great university and has a twofold plan of reaching both the needy man from the streets and the young fellow that is taking the wrong step in college life.

Today he is a District President of the International Union of Gospel Missions, a member of International Rotary, and is loved and respected by the outstanding Christian leaders and business heads in the city where he now labors in the cause of rebuilding human lives through God's plan of salvation.

DOC'S DELIVERANCE

HE WAS just an ordinary American boy, had a good Christian father and mother, went to school, then college. At 18 years of age, he decided to join the church, as he had an idea that if he died out of the church he would go to Hell. He knew he was not good enough for Heaven, hence the church joining. This did not make him feel any more secure, of course, for he was not converted. The only question that the Elders of the church asked him was his age—nothing was said about faith in God or Jesus Christ.

So his life at the college went along. Bad company had its usual effect—drinking, card playing, etc. When he became a full-fledged M. D., he rapidly acquired a large practice, and then married a fine Christian girl, who knew something of his other life. She, like many others, thought he would settle down, but he did not.

He was a very successful doctor and surgeon for a number of years, belonging to various societies, and being on the staff of five hospitals and a lecturer in a large medical college.

During this period he kept going to church, finding that it helped him to get business and that

DOC'S DELIVERANCE

it pleased his wife. She, however, gradually awoke to the fact that her husband was not only a drunkard but a dope addict, and years of this dreadful life finally resulted in the giving up of what practice he had left and, worse than ever, getting mixed up in some rather shady transactions. Think of it—parentage, wonderful; education, excellent; environment, of the best; studied in America and on the Continent; was regarded as one of the best operators in his own particular line of surgery—yet at 45 years of age he found himself a miserable failure, a low-down liar and a thief.

By this time most of his bosom friends had passed on. Five had committed suicide. He admits he would have done the same but was afraid of a hereafter. His dear wife hung on desperately. From sanitorium to sanitorium he went, the intervening intervals being spent in fresh outbursts of riotous living.

That dear helpmate of his never forsook him. She prayed, for nearly twenty years, that somehow he would be saved. Then one day she heard of a place called Chester Crest in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and took him there a little over seven years ago. He thought this was another kind of sani-

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torium. When he arrived and asked for doctors and nurses, he was informed that they had none in that institution and only called them when someone was ill. The treatment for the drink habit at Chester Crest was the Gospel, and it astonished him that he attended chapel service, of an hour's duration, every evening for four or five nights, and then something happened.

A man said in one of the meetings, "Doctor, read Romans 8," and as he sat in his room on the sixth night the second verse of that wonderful chapter came to him in all its power, and he realized that he was under the law of sin and death. A great yearning arose in his heart for freedom from it, and sitting in his chair that night he asked God in humbleness of heart to take out of his life everything that was displeasing, and a new soul was born just then.

I met him the other day on the West Side of New York. He had a great strong handclasp for me and a warm invitation that I should stay overnight with him at his country place, 12 miles outside the city. What a power he is for righteousness today, everlastingly telling out the story of a new life in Christ Jesus!

AT WATER STREET

SANDY was born in a southern city, had God-fearing parents, and was raised in a home of comfortable circumstances. His father died while Sandy was yet a boy, his last words being, "Son, take father's place at church." He joined a church and for some time gave promise of a very useful Christian life. He was the pride and joy of a dear mother and two loving sisters.

As he grew up into young manhood, he married a good Christian girl and engaged in railroad clerical work, but the men that he worked with were a drinking gang, and in a desire to be sociable and become a so-called "good fellow," he commenced to take that social glass.

For a number of years drinking did not interfere with his business, but after awhile periodical sprees became frequent and as a natural result he lost position after position, often giving up a good place in order to obtain back salary to prolong a drunk. After such outbursts he felt so utterly ashamed of himself that he would swear never to drink again, but the old craving would come back and the only thing that kept him from going headlong to the gutter and staying there

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was the fact that he would work and could still get positions.

For a long time the fight went on, a desperate effort to keep his home together and overcome the thing that was wrecking his life. His wife stood by him for many years, doing all in her power to help. Friends and relatives time after time put him back on his feet, but always with the same result. At last the patience of all was exhausted, and after drinking steadily for seven weeks he found himself on October 31, 1915, in the streets of New York City, homeless, friendless, sick in body and mind.

All that day a thought of the Water Street Mission kept constantly coming to him, and like the prodigal of old he finally determined to arise and go to his Father. That night he knelt with others at the front bench and prayed the simple prayer that so many sin-sick souls have prayed, "God be merciful to me, a sinner, for Jesus' sake." From that day to this there has been a new life. God restored to him wife, home, position, and friends. He went back into the M. E. church, became a licensed preacher, and from a splendid position in Washington, D. C., he was recently

AT WATER STREET

called to the superintendency of the old Jerry McAuley Mission on Water Street, where he had first given over his life to the Lord.

FROM HANDCUFFS TO HAPPINESS

AN UNHAPPY marriage was the real beginning of D. B.'s troubles. Splendid business prospects were sadly handicapped by strife at home, hot words became frequent, then drink and other things crept in, and it was only a matter of time before a deed of separation was entered into.

After this calamity D. B. did not care much what happened. Business was neglected, the saloon found a regular customer, church and relatives were sidetracked, and in an effort to forget his troubles he launched into wild drinking.

A few years of this life separated him from everybody and everything worth while except his mother, who hung on, as mothers do. After his own business had gone, he tried other lines of work, but kept going down. Sanitoriums and cures were tried in a determined effort to reform, but with no avail. Positions were now out of the question, and he took such odd work as he was able to do, seldom enough to provide food and shelter. Then the bottom fell out, so to speak, and he became an outcast. His mother even told him to stay away from home until he mended his ways.

Free lunch from the saloon counter was his only

FROM HANDCUFFS TO HAPPINESS

food, hallways, basements, and the park bench his sleeping quarters. Towards the end of this awful life he began to wander around the country and ultimately fell into the hands of the police on a charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct, so D. B. got a free ride on the train to the nearest city handcuffed to another fellow, and, after he had served his term in the County Jail, stood out on the sidewalk one morning, fingered the two lone dimes in his pocket, and pondered on the next move.

Someone at the jail had told him about a Mission in town where a fellow could get a bed and something to eat and, although he wanted a drink badly, he decided to see what was doing at the Mission, first. It seemed a long walk down town, especially when he was thirsty, but the Mission folks fed him and put him to bed, and the next day found some transient work for him. The Gospel services each night began to have a tug for him, and before the week had gone, influenced by the testimonies of redeemed men, he had come out very definitely for God.

The transient jobs continued. He earned just enough to pay his way (cheap meals and dormitory beds). He found out that the appetite for

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strong drink had gone and he looked ahead with new hope.

One day the secretary of the Mission introduced him to a member of its Board of Directors, who was also head of a manufacturing plant, and within a week D. B. found himself busy in the shipping department of that concern. But that was not all! Some years later a foremanship came his way, and he is now welfare agent and employment manager of one of the largest industrial companies in New England.

And what about mother? Yes, she rejoiced with him in his new-found salvation. I hear from him now and again; he commutes daily between his business and a beautiful little country place. He is very active in church affairs, vice-president of the Men's Club at the Mission, and never misses a chance of putting before needy men the story of his transformed life and the power of God to save from sin.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE

THERE seems to be an idea in the minds of many that when a drinking man gets over the age of 45 there is very little chance for him, but Jesus says, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." It doesn't matter how old a man is; he can be saved.

Another conclusive proof of this was L. O. The first night he came to me he was in a terrible condition. His clothing reeked with bootleg gin, his shaking limbs and bloodshot eyes testified to the awful effects of the liquor that is peddled from candy stores, restaurants, and the saloon that is still open, and it was days before he really understood that we were his friends and wanted to help him.

We do not hurry decisions at our Mission, and so he sat in our Gospel meetings, slept in our dormitory, ate of our food, and looked us over very carefully, wondering and wondering if we were real. Then one night, stirred by the spirit of our Father, and convinced that the power of God helped men, he knelt down at the front chairs and in a very quiet way turned his life over to the Lord.

THE REPAIR SHOP FOR HUMAN LIVES

What an astounding story of the gradual slide from material prosperity to a homeless drunkard. He had been wealthy in his day, he had owned a number of hotels and other real estate, was a thirty-third-degree Mason, he had everything that money could buy, yet sin got its stubborn grip on him and the curse of strong drink dragged him down. In a desperate fight to right himself he took the Keeley Cure twice, the Gold Cure, a trip to Europe, many sanitoriums, and still he kept going down. Thousands of dollars were spent, business was sacrificed, his property was sold, his old friends helped him time and again. To all their kindly efforts he tried to respond, but it was no use. Will power was gone, promises were empty, and he ultimately wandered the streets of our city, an outcast.

Wonderful to say he heard of our Mission in the back room of a saloon. That was the real beginning of better things for him. That's a long time ago, but he is still holding fast; a permanent position, a substantial bank account, church membership. With God's plan of salvation it is never too late to mend.

A RESTORED HOME

S. F. WAS born in an eastern city, had all the advantages of the average boy—a fine home, loving father and mother—but, like other young men, in the closing years of his teens, started to kick over the traces.

The pool room was the first wrong step, drinks were indulged in between the games, and S. F. before long felt that he was something of a sport. That important event, matrimony, came along, but did not interfere very much with the so-called good times. Children came to cheer the home, but S. F. had too many outside interests to enjoy these gifts from God.

Alcohol slowly but surely performed its deadly work—promises were made and broken, resolutions formed and never kept. Friends began to sidetrack him. A splendid government position was forfeited. His wife prayed, pleaded, and remonstrated, yet he went stubbornly down the broad road. Other good positions were secured and lost.

In a final effort to keep home and family together, his wife had him sent to jail three times, yet he continued to defy God. Sorrow through the death of a son on the French battlefield did

THE REPAIR SHOP FOR HUMAN LIVES

not affect him. Humiliation when his other children passed him on the street without a sign of recognition did not bring him to himself.

For weeks at a time he went out on drunken sprees, slept in cheap lodging houses, and brought home vermin in his clothes, and then family ties snapped and he was homeless. Add to his miserable condition another jail sentence, and it looked like S. F. was done for.

One afternoon, however, he found his way into a Rescue Mission. The worker who dealt with him did not mollicoddle or pet him in any way. He just tried to bring before him how much God could do for him and how willing he was to do it, and showed his practical religion by offering him both food and shelter.

That night S. F. attended the service at the Mission and very much to his own surprise found himself on his knees at the close of the meeting. The following day work was found for him; he received the right kind of fellowship and encouragement. In his own words, he got hold of God and God got hold of him. After the first year his old friends began to come back, his wife was more than ready to forgive, and so it has gone on.

There is a glad shout when Dad comes home in

A RESTORED HOME

the evening now, and what a home! Everyone a church member, all praising God for Dad's salvation. I had an invitation to the marriage of his eldest daughter the other day, but even greater joys than a marriage feast are coming to S. F., who through the sacrifice on the Cross of Calvary overcame the sins that bound him hand and foot.

FROM SIN TO SERVICE

W N. J. HAD a good Christian mother who loved the Lord and tried to teach her boys to serve Him. He left home when he was but a lad of 14 and soon forgot all about his early training. The things of the world were more attractive to him and he lived in sin with hardly a single thought of God for almost fifteen years.

One night in a fit of despondency, while roaming aimlessly about the streets, he met a Christian worker who asked him to come to a Gospel Mission. W. N. J. told him that he did not have time and in order to get rid of him promised to come some other night. Strange to say, some six weeks later he was led to keep his word. He heard men tell how God had saved them and then he found that for which his soul had been crying out.

He came to Jesus that night and God's promise of salvation was fulfilled. Then, miracle of miracles, his wife too came to the mercy seat. She had seen him kneel down at home and ask God's help, a thing that he had never done before, so she went with him to the Mission and took a very definite stand for God.

FROM SIN TO SERVICE

This man realized that he had been saved to serve and within a few years was a Rescue Mission superintendent. Preaching the Gospel to the Mission crowd at night was too narrow a field, however, for W. N. J., and so he sought the open spaces, studied the old word of God, was ordained to the ministry, and today is the evangelistic director for one of America's largest Christian institutes.

THE TWO MIRACLES

ONE of the most astounding demonstrations of God's power is the story of H. H. and his father. Dad was a real old-time Christian. His home was in a little country town and the church that he attended was a rough structure of unhewn logs, but as the years rolled on he moved into the great city, and through hard work built up a successful business. Worldly interests became more important than the church and then things started to go wrong. The social glass developed an appetite for strong drink, and into an environment like this H. H. was born.

His mother died when he was quite young and he was given to a family that lived on a large horse-breeding farm. He had no Sunday School or church life. Sunday, in fact was the day when the race-track gamblers lined up their plans to fleece the public.

The boy with those surroundings and companions became an adept in gambling and crooked games of all sorts, and was going helter skelter to the devil, when, lo, another miracle happened. His father had reaped as he had sown, but had been wise enough to turn his face towards God and, because of a desire to serve him, had been

THE TWO MIRACLES

given the superintendency of one of America's oldest Missions.

By some strange circumstance he was informed of the awful life that his son was living, and persuaded the family to let him have the boy back. Dad's care did not have much effect on H. H. Through school and college life he continued the stampede after pleasure, qualifying for dismissal from the former institution for gambling.

With this start on the path of wrongdoing, his downward slide became rapid. He followed the lure of the sporting world and finally, in an effort to wean him from this, his father bought him a business in an eastern city. H. H. worked hard for a couple of years and then again drifted into evil company. The business went on the rocks and for nine years he continued his sinful life. Liquor and drugs worked havoc in a splendid physical body and, although his father pleaded with him, the acquired vices proved stronger than his love for Dad.

One morning a messenger brought him the news that Father was dying and, although everything possible was done, Dad passed on. For nights and days H. H. walked the streets like a demented being. When Dad's will was read, he left to H. H.

a gold watch and the request that he give his heart to God.

The grief of this final blow threw him into such a frenzy that he attempted to commit suicide. A friend of his father's was the rescuer, and he pleaded with him to give up his sinful life and to take his father's God as his helper, and so they knelt together and H. H. whispered some stammering words that God heard and answered.

Where is he today? Well, he has a very happy home in a little town near the great city. And his work? Yes, he, too, is serving God. For quite a number of years he has been telling the story of redemption in the evangelistic field, and lately has accepted the position of a field secretary for the International Union of Gospel Missions.

JIMMY THE DANCER

ABOUT his earliest history nothing is known, except what has been gleaned from conversation with Jimmy Moore himself. The adopted son of a theatrical man who in the seventies owned or managed a theater on lower Broadway, Jimmy early in his budding career displayed a talent for dancing. This was developed until even in his young manhood he was one of the best "reel jig dancers" on the American stage. In one of his conversations, Jimmy revealed to the writer the manner of his leaving home. He had been stricken with smallpox. His mother who nursed him contracted the disease herself. As Jimmy grew better his mother grew worse, and as he came to a complete recovery and was pronounced out of danger, she reached the crisis stage of the disease.

Some older boys, or men, who recognized in Jimmy's ability to dance a valuable asset, prevailed on him to run away from home, join them, and go on the stage. So one night Jimmy gathered together a small bundle of clothes and, passing through the rear door of his home, jumped a fence to the next street, where he was joined by his companions. Not long after this his devoted

mother died. This was a page in memory book to which Jimmy never cared to turn, but there can be no doubt that the impression left had the effect of driving him to the extreme in an effort to drown his remorse. His association brought him in contact with men of shady character, and it was not long before he flashed across the police horizon. A burglary in Brooklyn brought about his introduction to the elite at Sing Sing on the Hudson, and for many years thereafter Jimmy was a shining light in the very best "set" at that famous resort. As a matter of fact, Jimmy spent twenty-five years of his life behind the bars of the prisons of this state.

Just a few months previous to Jimmy's conversion an Assistant District Attorney of the County of New York expressed his belief that Jimmy was the worst criminal of any whose history was recorded at the District Attorney's office.

On January 2, 1909, Jimmy at the age of 60 wandered into the doors of a Rescue Mission, on the verge of delirium tremens, and was converted to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now consider the situation. Here was an old man, long past what men call the age of useful-

JIMMY THE DANCER

ness, a criminal with the worst kind of a reputation, and a drunkard just recovering from an attack of delirium tremens. How could such an one hope to find a job? Well, he did get a job. Not much of a job, it is true, but a job nevertheless, and by the time he had been working at it three months he was promoted to a position as collector and bank messenger, a position he held for the remaining years of his life.

One day when Jimmy was returning after making some collections, he was held up by two detectives from police headquarters and was asked to give an account of himself. Jimmy said he was working and proudly displayed his books and the checks he had collected. The detectives followed him back to the building, sought the proprietor, and asked if he was acquainted with the reputation of his collector. The proprietor, who is a Christian, said that he was and, in response to the expressed wonder of the detectives that he should have faith in a man of that kind, further said: "As a matter of fact, I have no faith in Jimmy Moore, but I have implicit faith in the God who I believe has saved him." And this Christian trust was not misplaced, for the God who saved him kept him for four and one-half years and then called him to himself.

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